

EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

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ORIGINAL TALES.

For the Rural Repository.

MESSE.
By Three of us—No. 1.

A SKETCH.

'Farewell, Eugene!' said George Bird to his friend, 'I wish heartily that I might accompany you; but fate has willed it otherwise—so good-bye! and the first time that your steel crosses that of the proud Moslem, think of George Bird, doomed to wear out the best years of his life within the narrow walls of a college cell, poring over the leaves of Homer and Euclid, instead of wielding the sabre in glorious strife—death! I am maddened at the thought!'

'Don't despair, my dear fellow—

Nil mortalibus arduum est—

as Horace hath it—you will do well enough—only try,' exclaimed Bird's friend.

'Only try!' echoed George, 'Eugene Cuthwart, you would not pin down your friend to an inglorious inactivity, all his days!' Why chose you, the profession which you have chosen, if life so spent, is as honourable—as glorious as that employed in a gallant defence and protection of our country's rights!' and the dark eye of that proud boy flashed fire at the bare idea.

Cuthwart wished, as much as possible, to soothe the excited spirits of his high-souled friend; but his bold heart would now brook no restraint, and catching the animation, which gleamed in the eye of his companion, he quickly and fervently replied—'No! by Thunder and Neptune, no, George! let me die sooner on the deck of my gallant bark, than pass along in this world unnoticed and unknown, save in the precincts of my native village, to be forgotten ere the sod has ceased to rattle on my coffin! But,' again assuming a soothing tone; 'why lead such a life?—honour and glory await him who has energy enough to stretch forth his hand and grasp them. Our beloved country needs able men at home—Look you to her internal enemies;

for they are far more to be dreaded, than any foreign power I may have to contend with; and may you earn the civic wreath!—Farewell!—'Farewell,' was scarcely again audible, and they parted—the one to his ship—the other to his college-cell.

Eugene Cuthwart and George Bird were sons of professional gentlemen in the southern section of our country. Living in the same neighbourhood, they were constantly together, and they loved each other with all the fervency of youth. Their sports and actions were perfectly in unison with each other's feelings, and until the present time they had been schoolmates and classmates. They were now separated. Mr. Cuthwart, in accordance with the wishes of his son, had obtained for him a birth in the navy. Mr. Bird thought it best to have George, his son, pursue a college course of study. The bold hearts of these young men, fired with what they had read of heroes and conquerors, longed for an opportunity to distinguish themselves—and to snatch wreathes of laurel which, to their vivid imaginations, would never fade. To one, this opportunity was now presented; and that it was not to the other, was to him a source of deep regret.

It would perhaps be interesting to trace the course of these young persons through life; but the limits of this sketch will not permit a detail. Suffice it to say—Eugene Cuthwart soon sailed for the station to which his ship was destined, and by those who took an interest in his welfare, it was ascertained that the young midshipman was promptly and faithfully performing the duties assigned him. By his upright conduct gaining the affections of those under him, and the respect and esteem of his superiors. Such behaviour did not pass unnoticed, and soon as possible, he was promoted to a lieutenancy, bidding fair to be one of the most efficient officers in the navy.

George Bird, in the meanwhile had entered college. He was distinguished among his class mates, by a quickness of perception, energy of thought and expression, which was remarkable in one of his age. Without covet-

ing the honour of being first in his class, he stood far beyond competition. When he was graduated, he commenced the study of the law, and after a due course of reading, was admitted a member of the bar.

With such a character then, it will hardly be necessary to say, that among his competitors he stood foremost. His splendid talents and acquirements naturally brought him into an extensive practice. His manners, calculated as they were to please all who came within the sphere of their influence, and his address in conducting business soon gained him public confidence, and it was not long before the Hon. George Bird took his seat in Congress.

Many years had passed since the foregoing events took place, when on a cold autumnal day, a vessel was observed in the offing, apparently standing into port. It was not long before she was discovered to be an American man of war; and as she came to anchor, the sloop's cutter was seen leaving her for shore. As the little vessel came along side the dock, an officer in uniform, who evidently was commander of the warlike craft now lying in the harbour, stepped ashore. His erect, noble mein and manly form drew upon him the gaze of the crowd, who had collected to view his vessel, as she lay rolling on the waves some distance from the land; and many were the conjectures concerning him and the object of his visit. Although exposure to the weather, and years passed in scenes of danger, had tended in some degree to alter his appearance; yet was the stranger, as he entered the Hon. Mr. Bird's office, immediately recognised as his old companion, Eugene Cuthwart. We will not draw the curtain and break in upon the few hours of social intercourse, which the friends held together; neither will it be necessary to relate what passed between them, other than that Mr. Bird acknowledged that the time he spent in college was the happiest period of his life—and his present high standing plainly demonstrated, that it had been of practical use to him. Before leaving again for a dangerous station, Capt. Cuthwart had determined to see once more the friend and companion of his youthful days. His duty required that his visit should be brief, and once again he bade his friend—adieu! * * *

Some few months after the above incident happened, an action took place between an American man of war and an Algerine pirate vessel. The star-spangled banner it is true was freely flung to the breeze, proclaiming the American as conqueror—yet dearly did the crew pay for their victory. As the vessels grappled, the American commander at the head of his men shouted—'On my brave fellows!' and he sprang upon the deck of the enemy. His sabre strokes soon made a fearful gap in the opposing rank of ruffians—when, hurried on by the impetuosity of his feelings, he suddenly found himself alone, with a brave

companion in arms, amidst a dark mass of demons who now closed thick and fast around him. Their sabres flashed about him in every direction—A blow from a gigantic ruffian laid low his faithful companion—'Ha! that was a felon stroke!' exclaimed the officer, and the pirate went to settle his last account. But what could the valour of a single arm do against a host? That arm however still wielded the sabre with an untiring vigour—its very flash seemed to carry death to some one of his foes—till

'—listless from his crimson hand
The sword hung—clogged with massacre!'

He fell—Thus died the gallant Cuthwart; died as he had wished to die, sword in hand; died as he had lived, a noble gallant seaman.

I. L. W.

February, 24, 1832.

From the New-York Mirror.

ALICE.

She arrived at the school on a holiday afternoon, towards the close of spring, when all the scholars were out in the neighboring fields except Frank and myself. We were seated under the great elm in the dooryard, engaged in our favorite game, in which each alternately endeavored to surpass the other by reading a greater number of lines in Virgil without breaking the measure, when the carriage drove up and Alice Prior alighted. We spent the remainder of the day in introducing the new-comer to all the objects of interest within and around the seminary; and from that time forth, for two years, we three were inseparable companions whenever school regulations did not preclude our intercourse. It was the happiest period of my life. I loved the gentle orphan as a brother may love a favorite sister; but farther than this, I dared not give way to my feelings, being aware of the previous attachment of the cousins. At length I was recalled to the city to superintend my father's mercantile affairs, as his partner. Frank and I corresponded for many months, until at length becoming more and more engrossed in the business of the busy world, I neglected to answer his letters altogether. In his last he informed me of the death of his parents, that Alice had been adopted by a natural uncle, a Mr. Morton, who was childless, and reported to be among the wealthiest of the metropolis, and that his collegiate course was almost completed. I made inquiries for Alice soon after but not being able to ascertain her place of residence, her remembrance gradually passed from my mind, and I thought no more of the belle for three whole years, till one night I met her at a large party. I knew her at the first glance but the artless school-girl had grown into the accomplished woman. She had just been led to the piano by her adopted father as I recognized her. Scarcely had she struck a dozen notes, before the numerous groups throughout the spacious and thronged

saloon became still, and ere the first stanza was ended, I fancied myself in some vast hall where music and statuary had united their fascination, so motionless were the listeners, so charming the strain. There was more of melody than power in her voice, which, with the touching expression she gave to the sentiment, made its way directly to the heart. She sang a few more popular airs, and then resigned her seat.

'Can this be Alice Prior?' whispered I audibly, as she passed me, arm-in-arm with a gentleman, who was conducting her to a little knot of friends.

'It is even so,' returned a familiar voice, at my elbow.

I looked round and beheld a tall figure leaning against a pilaster just on my right. I recognized the features of Frank Werner. I grasped his hand, and in a moment we were boys again. We retired to a distant corner of the room, and there ran over the prominent events in the history of our lives since we parted at boarding-school. Among other particulars, he acquainted me with an engagement between himself and cousin, previous to her removal to the metropolis; of their subsequent correspondence while he was yet at college; 'which lasted but a few months,' continued he, with emotion, 'before she became remiss in answering my letters, till at length I heard from her no longer. By and by I came to the city to pursue my professional studies; but my feelings had been too deeply wounded by her silence to seek an interview. We met however, occasionally, as the sphere of my acquaintance enlarged, but she had forgotten me, and she was no longer the unsophisticated being for whom we contrived so many gratifications in our school-boy days. Adopted, nay, idolized by a man of large fortune, transplanted into the fascinating scenes of metropolitan gaiety and splendor, and enchanted by all the pleasures which wealth and beauty can summon, she has learned to forget, or to look back with disdain on those simple delights amid which she was nurtured. She has breathed the mania of flattery, till her young heart has been tainted with its poison. She has learned that she is an object of admiration. She has learned that she is heir to a splendid inheritance, and the consciousness of independence is but another name for pride. No expense has been spared to perfect her in the fashionable accomplishments of the day, and these with her elegant person and prospective dowry, have drawn around her a crowd of admirers. I too still observe her, but it is at a distance; I stand aloof and gaze at her as at some glorious and unapproachable being, from the mastery of whose presence it is impossible to break away. We meet comparatively often, for I cannot bring myself to shun the opportunity of seeing her, though she passes me unnoticed, or notices me but with indifference.'

'Assuredly, my friend,' said I, 'there is a

fortune in love, and therefore to repine at the awards of the blind goddess is of no avail. In the disappointments of affection, as in all others of the heart, stoicism is the true philosophy. Come, come, Frank, away with this boyish melancholy—cheer up, and remember that though this passage in your life be gloomy and desolate, it may be the highway to scenes of light and beauty which await your future progress.'

'It is useless to philosophize,' replied Werner. 'Reason, I own, shows us true beacons by which we might safely direct our course; but, Love sits at the helm of the heart, and—'

'Should be thrown overboard for a blind pilot,' interrupted I, 'whenever he trifles with his trust, amid breakers and quicksands.'

Before he had time to reply, a friend beckoned me to her from a distant part of the room. The lady who had summoned me was one of the gay circle in which Alice was seated, and after a little time I was introduced to the latter. She had not forgotten me; but whenever, in the course of conversation, I reverted to past scenes, she became silent, and even apparently disconcerted. At first I did not notice her embarrassment, so pleasing was it to speak of the associations awakened by her presence; but I soon discovered my error, and remarked to myself that there is no surer way of forfeiting the good graces of those who have risen to consequence from the humble walks of life, than to remind them of their first estate. Pride, like the eagle, looks upward, and finds no gratification in surveying the low perch from which it plumed its wing for eminence.

'Who is that student-looking unknown, whom you left in the corner yonder?' asked one of the group. 'He looks as pale and melancholy as a discarded lover.'

All eyes were directed towards Frank, whose face was partly turned towards the window through which the full-moon was beaming.

'That's my friend, Dr. Werner.' I returned. 'I believe you formerly knew him, Miss Prior.'

'Indifferently,' she replied, with nonchalance.

'He affected to be your beau at school, I have been informed,' observed another of the party. 'His country gallantry must have been really amusing.'

'He my beau,' cried Alice, extending her fore-finger with a scornful smile; 'that tall mountaineer my beau, indeed!' and she laughed outright:

The gesture and the contemptuous smile did not escape the notice of their object. I looked at the haughty girl, and our eyes met. A blush passed over her features, but it was instantly followed by an expression of careless gaiety; and tossing a billet to me, she said,

'Here, Mr. Morgan, this is for you; you used to be an admirer of sonnets, and of course you will be greatly obliged to me for so valuable a present. Your friend handed it to me this evening, by mistake, I presume.'

'Read it, do, do ;' cried half-a-dozen voices at once.

'No, no, indeed,' interrupted Alice ; 'you must spare me—I am positive I should not survive such an infliction.'

Werner turned away in confusion, and withdrew from the apartment, stung to the quick.

The group was soon after dispersed in a cotillion, and as my feelings were warmly excited in my friend's behalf I took the opportunity of being alone to see what he had written as a valedictory to his cousin. The following were the lines ;

Farewell—the spell is broken
That held me in its thrall ;
Farewell—the word is spoken
My lips shall ne'er recall !
And though we oft may meet, perchance,
And mingle in the stirring dance
With pleasure's idle hearted ;
We shall not meet as we have met,
Ere hope's first morning star had set,
Nor part as we have parted.

I love thee, and must love thee still
In memory of the past,
Amid whate'er of earthly ill
My future lot be cast !
For in my boyhood's sunny prime,
When brightly from the urn of time
Life's golden moments fell,
Thou wert a peri to my eyes,
Sent from Love's own sweet paradise
In my young heart to dwell.

Ay, curl that cherub lip in scorn,
And give to wit the rein,
And barb that tongue with sarcasm born
From thy proud heart's disdain,
In mockery of one who erst
Was ever foremost of the first
To guard thy maiden fame—
One who, with quick adventurous hand,
Had braved the proudest of the land
That lightly named thy name.

And yet if thou caust borrow,
In beauty's mirthful pride,
Delight from friendship's sorrow,
Smile on, I will not chide :
Yet ah, methinks it were more kind,
More fraught with woman's feeling mind
To hide derision's fang,
From one who even now would dare
More than life's brittle thread could bear,
Ere thou shouldst feel a pang.

Farewell, may nought of sadness
Thy coming hours beset :
But thine to meet with gladness
And gentle looks from all—
And mine to wend my way alone,
Whether with thorns or roses strewn,
I care not—fate shall tell—
Soul-nerved with stoic pride to bear
Calmly the cold world's wintiest air,
And ev'n thine own—farewell.

I was suddenly roused from the reverie into which the perusal of the stanzas had thrown me, by a shriek which broke from near the centre of the apartment, and hurrying towards the spot, I beheld Alice, pale and insensible, in the arms of the gentleman with whom she had been dancing. One of the large chandeliers had broken from its fastenings by the jar of the cotillions, and the whole weight of the

massy ornament had fallen obliquely upon the neck and shoulder of the beautiful girl. The external injury was scarcely perceptible, and after a little time she was so far recovered as to be enabled to ride home. An experienced surgeon was summoned, and when I called, a few days after, to learn the state of her health, her father informed me that her case had been pronounced hopeless ! A large and deep-seated aneurism had made its appearance in such a situation that an operation was deemed impracticable. As I left the house, my promise to Frank occurred to me, and I took my way to his office. I found him in rather a melancholy mood, surrounded with books and anatomical drawings, and deeply engaged in study. After a little conversation on topics connected with past scenes, I asked him if he had seen his cousin since her late accident.

'No,' he replied, 'has any thing of consequence befallen her ?'

I gave him the particulars of her misfortune. At first he would not believe me, but when convinced that I was in earnest, he dropped his head upon his hand and remained silent for several minutes. At length he asked,

'Did you say that Dr. —— despaired of her recovery ?'

'So her father assured me.'

'Then I will see her,' resumed he, after a little pause. 'I have had no inconsiderable experience in the treatment of such injuries.'

He took from a drawer a case of instruments ; and having satisfied himself that they were in perfect order, we set off together for Mr. Morton's.

We found the old gentleman walking the room in an agony of grief. As soon as he became a little calm, I introduced my companion as a young surgeon of eminence, whom I had taken the liberty to call in, thinking that possibly his experience might prove of some benefit to the sufferer.

'Thank you,' returned Mr. Morton ; 'but I fear that all our efforts will end in disappointment.'

'While there is life there is hope,' observed Frank, encouragingly, as they entered the apartment of the invalid.

After a short absence they returned.

'And what think you, doctor ?' whispered the old gentleman, as soon as he had closed the door.

'I think—nay, I know that she can be saved,' was the firm reply.

'Saved ! How ?'

'By a painful and most perilous operation.'

'And who will perform it,' asked I, 'since Dr. —— has refused ?'

'There is one,' replied Werner, 'who will attempt it, if his seniors lack courage.'

At this moment the door opened, and Dr. ——, the surgeon in attendance, entered.

'Ah, Dr. Werner, I am very glad to meet you—I have just driven round to your office to bring you here; but some one has anticipated me.'

'He has seen her, Dr.' said the father, 'and bids me take comfort in the prospect of her recovery.'

'What!' exclaimed Dr. —, addressing Werner, 'will you attempt to take up that artery seated as it is in the very neighborhood of the heart?'

'With your approval and assistance, sir,' was the reply.

The fact was, Werner had been the favorite pupil of Dr. —, who had formed so high an opinion of his professional abilities from the science and skill he had displayed on several occasions while yet a student, had he almost looked upon him as his superior, even at that period and even consulted him in all dangerous emergencies.

'But,' continued Dr. —, 'how can you expect my approval in this case, when I remind you that the operation you have in view has never been attempted but once, and then by the first surgeon in Europe, in whose hands it completely failed. I stood by him at the time, and witnessed the painful reluctance with which he abandoned it, after a long-continued and most anxious effort.'

'Sir,' replied the young surgeon, respectfully, 'I have twice successfully reduced a similar aneurism, and with your support can do it again.'

'Then I will stand by you,' said Dr. —, and retired to make the necessary preparations. Before he withdrew, however, Frank said to him,

'Be kind enough, doctor, not to mention my name to the patient, if you please; I have a special reason for the request: and, pray, throw a handkerchief over her face, for the countenance of a suffering female unmans me.'

The arrangements were soon completed, and we were admitted to the apartment of the invalid. The patient had on a white undress, and was seated in a low easy-chair, with her head reclining on Dr. —'s shoulder. Her neck and the upper margin of her bosom were uncovered, exposing a large pulsating tumor which seemed on the very point of yielding to the vital current that circled beneath. Her father stood by, holding her hand, with countenance in which hope, fear, and sorrow were most touchingly depicted. I glanced instinctively and with an absorbing feeling of apprehension towards the young surgeon, as he prepared himself for the fearful operation with a composure so marked, that it seemed to border on apathy. He was paler than usual, but then I could not detect the slightest quivering of a muscle—he was perfectly firm and self-collected. Every lineament of his face showed the mastery of mind over the strong passions which must be subjected during the performance of his dangerous task, and accordingly there was no more emotion to be detected in the bearing of that manly frame, than if it had been chiselled from the insensible marble. As he bent down, however, and with one stroke of the knife made a deep and free

incision along that beautiful bust, which was followed by a convulsive tremor and a suppressed groan of the sufferer, I thought I heard him catch his breath for once, spasmodically; but no other sign of discomposure escaped him.

'Father, dear father,' cried the poor girl, 'clasp my hand closer—closer still—I can't feel you—so—so—that will do.'

Tears stood in the old man's eyes, and he turned away his face from the scene. Even Dr. —, veteran as he was, respiration with difficulty. But the adventurous operator kept steadily on, dexterously winding deeper and deeper amidst nerves, veins, and arteries, with a skill, on the perfect integrity of which depended the life of the lovely being in whose fate he was so warmly interested—his progress rendered doubly obscure by the effusion of blood, and doubly dangerous from the unnatural situation of the surrounding parts—until at length, by a masterly effort, he succeeded in securing the deep-laid and ruptured vessel. The dressings were soon adjusted, and leaving Dr. — and the father to replace the patient in bed, we retired to the drawing-room. Frank threw himself on the sofa, exhausted by the smothered and almost insupportable excitement of the scene through which he had just passed.

'Some air,' said he, faintly; 'I feel ill—very ill. There is a strange sense of dizziness in my head, and of suffocation here,' he continued, laying his hand on his breast, 'which almost overcomes me.'

I threw up the window, and the cool air, with a glass of wine, partially restored him. Dr. — now entered, his benevolent countenance beaming with such an expression of admiration as a fond parent exhibits on the triumph of a favorite child.

'Well, well, my son,' he exclaimed, 'I will no longer be proud of my surgical abilities. Hitherto I have thought there was nothing practicable within the compass of my art which I could not perform; but you have taught me a new lesson, and I own my mistake.'

I will not attempt to describe the mingled expressions of gratitude and respect with which the father greeted the savior of his child. He took him affectionately by the hand, he solicited the favor of his friendship, and amid thanks and benedictions, begged him to mention any sum—even to the extent of half his fortune—as a remuneration for the obligation he had conferred.

'The consciousness of having performed my duty, and secured the regard of such men as yourself and Dr. —,' returned the young surgeon, 'were an ample reward for my services. But of this we will speak at some future day. In the mean time, as I am obliged to leave town to-morrow, you will be kind enough to dispense with any further assistance on my part—the welfare of your daughter could not be entrusted to safer hands than those of Dr. —.'

Before the expiration of a month, Alice was restored to perfect health. About this time, one afternoon, the servant brought in a note from Mr. Morton to Werner, requesting him to call at his house as early as he could make it convenient. He did so. The old gentleman met him with all the kindness of their last interview.

'I have sent for you, doctor, partly because I had a selfish wish to see you myself, and partly because my daughter desires to thank you personally for the continuance of that life for whose preservation, under Providence, she is indebted to yourself alone. Walk into the parlor, and she will be with you presently.'

The door opened soon after, and Alice entered. Her cheeks had not yet recovered their usual color, yet never, perhaps, before had she appeared so beautiful as at that moment. During her convalescence she had been made acquainted with the danger from which she had just escaped, and the name of the injured individual whose skill had conducted her safely through that fearful crisis. There is no better moralist than sickness. The spirit of pride, mirth, and ambition are rebuked and exorcised from the bed-side of disease. This was the case with the poor girl during her recent illness. The fascinating illusions of the gay world, which had for years dazzled her too credulous imagination, had given place to the sober realities of the sick chamber. Removed from the excitement of that thoughtless world, she had an opportunity for reflection. Memory had been busy with the images, the endearments of the past. The friends of her early orphanage—the kindness she had experienced at their hands—the vows and the visions of her first attachment, had all passed again and again before her mind, mingled with the consciousness of ingratitude and broken faith, and she now presented herself before her slighted lover, humiliated and self-condemned. Frank rose to receive her. The poor girl hid her face with her hands, while the tears gushed out from her jewelled fingers.

He led her to the sofa and seated himself beside her. After a momentary silence, he said,

'Spare me, cousin Alice, I entreat you. Though there have been times when I have prayed to see you shed such tears, yet now that those prayers are answered, I cannot see you weep.'

'Ah, Werner, forbid not the sacrifice of sincere contrition—it is the fittest requital I can make for the wrongs you have suffered from my unkindness, and the one which remorse would wring from my heart, though it should struggle to resist the impulse of its better nature.'

'There is no longer need of such a sacrifice. Fortune has already more than requited me for the trials of which you speak, by affording me the opportunity and the willing power to serve you when you had ceased to remember me.'

'Ample has been your revenge,' sighed the disconsolate girl. 'Yet can you forgive me?'

'I can—I do,' exclaimed Frank, 'Your temptations to err were such as might have shaken a stronger mind. I was poor, friendless, unknown; you were rich, accomplished, and admired. Let us deem this a sufficient palliation for the neglect which perhaps I have merited.'

He took her hand and pressed it to his lips—it was met with the dews of repentant love.

'These tears,' said he, tenderly, 'shall be the lethe in which I will drown every unpleasant remembrance. Come, dear Alice, let us to your father. He professes to be greatly obliged to me. With your permission, I will teach him how he may cancel the obligation.'

'I have told him all—your brotherly solicitude in my behalf—our plighted affection—together with my bitter ingratitude and estrangement—all this I have told him.'

'And my answer was,' said the old gentleman, who, having entered a moment previous, had caught the last few words of Alice, 'my answer was, doctor, that though *you* have a perfect claim on her heart and hand, *you* have no right to remove her from her present home, and thereby leave me childless and solitary. I cannot live without her; and as you, doubtless, like all true lovers, are in the same unfortunate predicament, I see no other way than for you to consent—and the sooner the better—to become one of my own little family!'

PROTEUS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MARCH OF INTELLECT.

A captain of a packet sloop, being asked by one of his passengers the name of the smallest mast, replied, that it was the mizen one. 'Ah!' exclaims the other, who was an ardent admirer of the classics, 'behold the progress of intellect. Even the rough sons of Neptune now derive their distinctive appellations from the Greek. Who would have believed that they were sufficiently intimate with that most beautiful of all languages to have rendered it so subservient to their use?' 'Knowing Greek?' replied the hero of the quarter-deck, 'why my blue water lads can take you far beyond that, or long before any such jaw-breaking lingo was known. Ask old Jack at the wheel what the mizen-mast was taken from.' Our gentleman of letters did as desired, and the ancient mariner, as he gave the waistband of his trowsers a jerk, and a knowing leer from his eye, exclaimed—'taken from, why, from a d——d big pine tree to be sure, what do you think?' BLUE PETER.—*Charleston Gazette.*

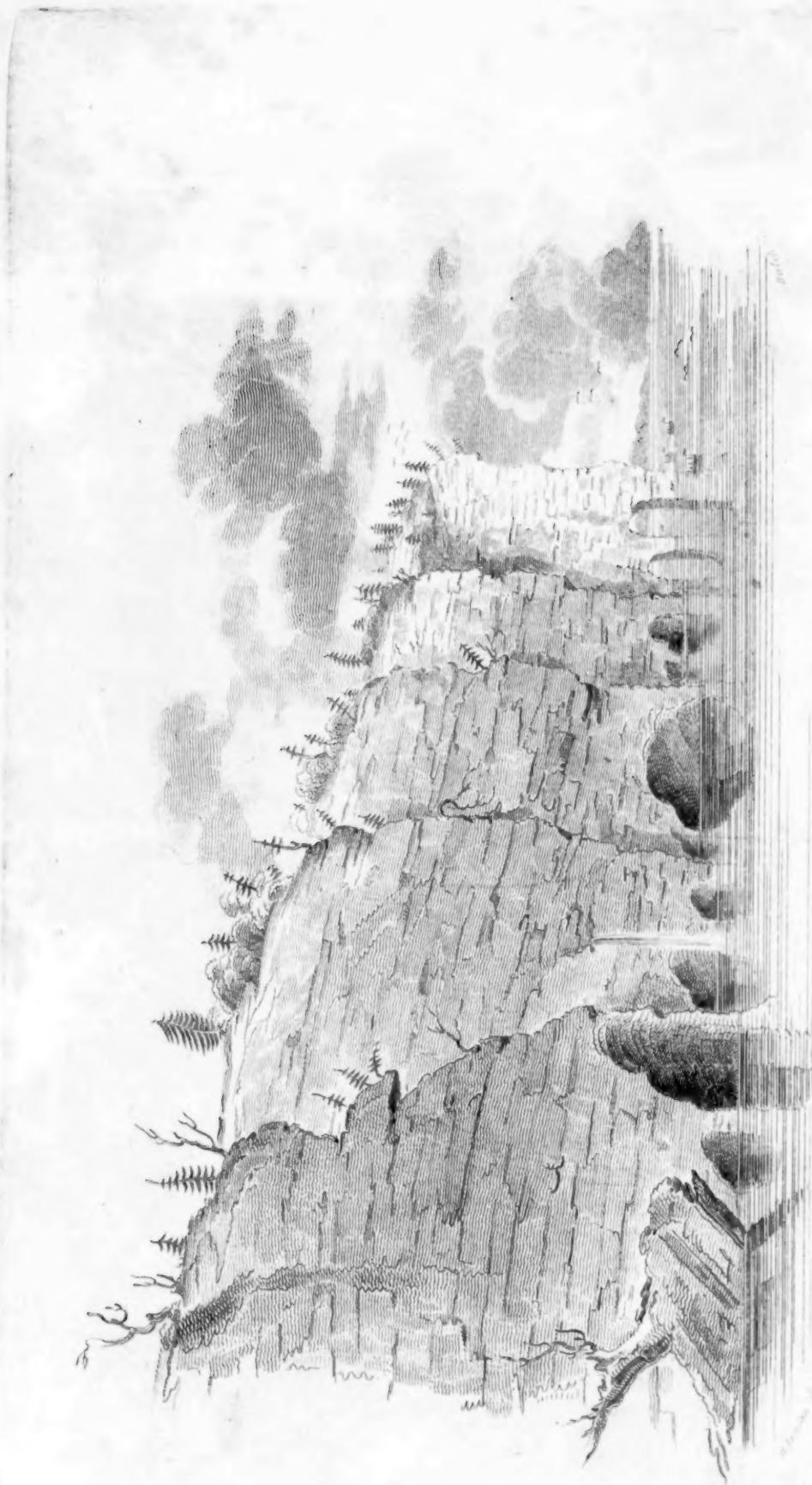
VICARIOUS PUNISHMENT.

A negro on a plantation in the West Indies, having misbehaved, was sent by his master to the overseer with a note, in which the latter was directed to bestow upon the delinquent



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divers and sundry stripes. Now Sambo had been sent upon such errands before, and keen were his pangs at being again delegated upon such unpleasant duty. He surveyed the note with a rueful visage, and meditated how he should escape the seemingly unavoidable penalty. At length a thought struck him: Meeting a brother Abyssinian, he shammed sudden and severe illness; 'Brodder Jacko,' he said, 'me got 'mazin pain in 'tomac—please han dis letter to massa, and take a sick brodder's bressiman.' The sympathetic Jacko complied with the pretended sufferer's request, and to his amazement was forthwith 'posted,' and received a tremendous whipping at the hands of the overseer—a poor requital, he thought, for doing a brother a favor. Sambo was in ecstacies at the success of his stratagem. He soon got rid of his pains, and could never see his friend Jacko afterwards without an inward chuckle at the ingenuity of the trick he had played upon him.

True Pith.—A respectable farmer, not forty miles from this place, has the singularly happy talent of not saying a word too much. A young man wishing to obtain his consent to marry his daughter, called upon him one day when he happened to be in the field ploughing with his oxen. It was, past all doubt, a fearful matter for a diffident man to broach, and the hesitating lover, after running parallel with the furrow several times round the field, and essaying with all his courage to utter the important question, at last stammered out—'I—I—I—I've been thinking Mr. —— that—that—that—that—as how—I—I—I should be gl—gl—gl—glad to—m—m—m—mar—mar—mar—mar—marry your daughter.'

Farmer.—'Take her and use her well, whoa
haw buck.'

A gentleman who had an Irish servant, having stopped at an inn for several days, desired, previous to his departure, to have a bill; which being brought, he found a large quantity of port placed to his servant's account, and questioned him about having had so many bottles of wine. 'Please your honour (cried Pat) to read how many they charge me.' The gentleman began, one bottle port, one ditto, one ditto, one ditto. 'Stop! stop! stop! master, (exclaimed Paddy) they are cheating you! I know I had some bottles of their Port, but, by St. Patrick, I did not taste a drop of their ditto.'

The Tipsy Member.—A member of parliament applied to the post office, to know why some of his franks had been charged? The answer was: ‘We suppose, sir, they were not your writing. The hand is not the same.’ ‘Why, not, precisely the same; but the truth is, I happened to be a *little tipsy* when I wrote them?’—‘Then, sir, will you be so good in future to write *drunk*, when you make free?’

RURAL REPOSINGWORK.

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1832.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATE.

The Pictured Rocks are a series of lofty bluffs extending for twelve miles along the shore of Lake Superior, which here consists of a sand stone rock, rising, stratum upon stratum, to the height of three hundred feet, in a perpendicular wall from the water, and stretching a distance of from four to five leagues in length. This mighty wall of rock is composed of coarse grains of sand united by a calcareous cement, and occasionally intermingled with pebbles and fragments of rocks; but adhering feebly, and, where exposed to the air, easily crumbled between the fingers. Externally, it presents a variety of colour—black, red, yellow, brown, white, &c. The waves, driven up by every north wind and furiously dashing against the rocky shore, have thrown it partially down in several places, and excavated numerous bays and irregular indentations, all fronting upon the lake in a chain of lofty promontories, and presenting at a distance an imposing array of time-worn battlements and desolate, decaying towers. In this way, spacious caverns have been worn in the rock, and the huge rocky bluffs, denominated Pictured Rocks, from their variety of colour, nearly severed from the main, and left standing upon rough and ponderous pillars, between which, barges and canoes may safely pass.

The plate represents a range of bluffs, immediately west, as viewed from the lake, of the Dorick Rock, an isolated mass of sand, consisting of four natural pillars supporting an entablature, covered with a handsome growth of pine and spruce trees, of the same material; having the appearance of a work of art. This view embraces some of the wonderful excavations and varieties in form and colour which, bursting upon the eye in ever-varying and beautiful succession, diversify this part of the coast.

The Literary Tablet.—A new periodical with this title, the first, or specimen number of which, is before us, is to be published at New-Haven, by Edwin Peck. Its contents appear to be selected with taste and judgment. It is in the quarto form, neatly printed on good paper and the terms \$1,25 per annum. We wish it success.

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES,
Received at this office, from Agents and others, for the Light

Volume, ending March 21st.

I. Hamilton, Bern, N. Y. \$1; S. Newbery, North Greenwich, N. Y. \$1; C. Jarvis, P. M. Fly Creek, N. Y. \$1; M. Aigar, Hartsville, Mo. \$5; C. Hull, Coffee Creek, Penn. \$1; B. P. Fatten, Cicero, N. Y. \$1.

SUMMARY.

SUMMARY.
The Court and Camp of Buonaparte.—This is a neat volume, just from the press of the brothers Harper, and contains a full-length portrait of Talleyrand—very pretty indeed. It forms the twenty-ninth number of the Family Library.

Fashions.—Small bonnets will soon be the rage. At Paris, it is now the mode to wear them with brims not more than six inches in depth.

Newton the artist, and Washington Irving, are both preparing to leave Europe for America. Newton, after a short sojourn in his native country, intends to return; Washington Irving meditates a prolonged visit to the friends and associates of his early life, whom he has not seen for many years.

The number of Poles at present in banishment amounts to 62,000.

MARRIED,

In Clermont, on the 8th inst. by H. Stevens, Esq. Mr John Miller of Germantown, to Miss Maria Zugendorph, of Rhinebeck.

DIED,

In this city, on Sunday the 11th inst. Martha Jane, infant daughter of Mr. Seneca Butts, aged 1 year and 10 months.

In Clermont, on the 8th inst. John Eisworth, Esq. a soldier of the revolution, aged 72.

At Ghent, on Sunday the 11th inst. Mrs. Hester Hogboom, widow of the late Lawrence Hogboom, Esq., in the 93d year of her age.

At the same place, on the 24th ult., Lavina Matilda, daughter of Jacob Tator, aged 3 years, 2 months and 3 days.

At Millville, on the 6th inst. Mr. David Leah, aged 31 years.
At Centerville, on the 14th inst. John Ann, daughter of David Kir-



ORIGINAL POETRY.

We cannot understand these lines, but perhaps the Lady can, therefore we publish them.

For the Rural Repository.

IMPROVVISATO.

* To her who best can understand them.—* * * * *
The Rose thou gav'st—its blush is past—
Its leaves are sear—its odour fled :—
Another would the floweret cast
Away ; for all its bloom is fled !
Daughter of Spring ! whence comest thou ?
From what bright Isle of distant Seas,
Or Wilderness of fragrant West,
Borne on the pinions of the breeze ?
Vain Floweret ! From your tufted green
Why came you ?—To perfume the sky
A fairer floweret here is seen—
Whose charms, as thine, shall never die.
The Lily, with its robe of white,
Has fled to deck *thy* forehead fair,
And Truth's more pure than Morning light,
Is seen to mingle beauty there.—
Frail Beauty !—Fairy—transient flower !
Thou fading gleam of early morn !
Blooming and withering in an hour—
Thy fate is then to suffer—scorn !
But no ! not so ! tho' youth be past—
And those bright rays shine not before us,
Still Joy's wild throb shall ever last,
And Memory throw her mantle o'er us.
* * * * * * * * *
This Rose I'll keep—its withered stem
Shall sooth decay of early morn—
And make me fondly think again,
Of former days and pleasures gone.

For the Rural Repository.

THE CHRISTIANS DEATH.

I've seen the west, a lovely sight,
Resplendent with the setting sun ;
Methought 'twas like the christian's light,
His trials o'er and duty done.

It cast a radiance, tho' 'twas gone,
Like summer sun when in the west,
Less brilliant than the blaze of noon,
And milder on the world it rests.

Its mellow tints spread wide and far,
Gently recedes its parting beam,
And soft portrays, like vesper star
And peerless moon a beauteous scene.

Yet this is but the shade of power,
Those splendid lamps suspended high,
Glitter and shine one little hour .
But christian light will never die.

The darkest hour to flitting soul,
Is ' twilight to eternal day ;'
Faith wings it to its destined goal,
Hope smooths the rugged untried way
Seraphs descend, in groups appear,
And aid the trembling spirit's flight :
Cassressing, hovering, lingering near—
The spirit's now unfettered quite !

MASSACRE OF THE NUNS AT PARIS.

The following passage from Madame Campan's *Mémoires de Marie Antoinette*, gave birth to Miss Strickland's poem of the Massacre of the Nuns at Paris. 'A community of nuns, with their Abbess, were condemned to the guillotine, while the sanguinary fury of the French Revolution was at its height. Many of these victims were young and beautiful: and most of them possessed angelic voices. As they passed to execution, attired in their monastic habits, through the stormy streets of Paris, regardless of the ferocious mob, they raised the hymn of *Feni Creator*. They had never been heard to sing it so lively: and the celestial chorus ceased not for a moment, not even when they ascended the steps of the scaffold, while the work of death was going on, though it became feeble, as one after the other fell under the guillotine: and at last it was sustained by one voice, which was that of the Abbess, but that at length ceased also, when she in turn submitted to the fatal stroke.'

The heavenly strains continued even when
They mounted the dread scaffold's fatal stair,
In sounds more wildly thrilling ; and they then
Gave such unearthly sweetness to the air,
As, to the wondering ears of guilty men,
Seemed like a farewell to all mortal care,
Or holy hymnings of celestial love,
In which glad seraphs joined them from above.
Oh, yet it ceased not, though the work of death
Commenced on that fair choir, and one by one
They bowed their necks, the bloody axe beneath,
And faint and fainter grew the anthem's tone ;
Till one angelic voice, with tuneful breath,
Sustained the sacred melody alone
‘ Ours is the glorious crown of martyrdom !
‘ Oh, Holy Spirit, come ; Creator come !
And oh ! the closing cadence that she sung
Was such that those who heard it, said that never
Had such mild music flowed from woman's tongue ;
Nor paused she, till the axe was raised to sever
Her guiltless head—and the stern echo rung,
Of the dread stroke that hushed her strains forever,
And her pure soul dismiss'd in heaven to meet
Angels of grace, who only sing more sweet.

THE EVENING BELL.

How sweet and solemn is the sound,
From yonder lonely tower,
That sends its deep-toned music round,
At twilight's holy hour.

**When every sound of day is mute,
And all its voices still,
And silence walks with velvet foot
O'er valley, town, and hill.**

When every passion is at rest,
And every tumult fled,
And through the warm and tranquil breast
The charm of peace is spread.

The charm of peace is spread,
Oh then how sweet the solemn bell,
That tolls to evening prayer!
While each vibration seems to tell
That thou, Oh God, art there!

PROGRAMS

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last-

PUZZLE I.—Fortune.

PUZZLE II.—Discourse.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.
I dwell in music, verse, and song,
But rhyme will not uphold me;—
I'm far from right but ne'er in wrong,
Yet goodness will unfold me.

II.

I receive all, and cover all; when I disgorge all, I shall cover all.

BUBAI BEBOŠIMOBIL

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IRWIN